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THE DRAMA.

THEATRICALS are said to be losing public favour in almost every place where they are known, and public writers are puzzled to account for it.

When the buckle-trade declined some years ago, the cause was at once seen to be the ascendancy of buttons. But it would appear that the cause of the decline of theatricals, though almost equally obvious, is more a subject of dispute. It is only so because the subject is larger, and composed of more parts. We think, however, that a little discussion will suffice to show, with equal clearness, what causes the failure of dramatic amusements, as a part of the great system of public entertainment.

Taking the middle of the last century as a period when dramatic exhibitions were generally well attended, let us inquire what there was in the condition and circumstances of the theatre at that period to have rendered this a matter of course. We reply at once, that plays were then as well written, as well *got up*, and as well acted, as any picture was then painted, or any novel or poem written. The drama was at that time on a perfect level with, or perhaps even superior to, the current literature of the day, or any other instrument of public amusement which existed. Nor was it beneath the standard of the general manners of society. It exhibited, in a gross enough manner, the vices of the age; but the people whose vices were exhibited were rendered insensible by those very vices to the grossness of the scene.

The theatre is now in quite a different condition from what it was in then. Whether owing to the want of legislative enactments, which might encourage literary men in writing for the theatre, or to some other cause, our dramatic entertainments are now of a character much beneath or behind the age. Our acting plays are either the old stock, displeasing us with the exhibition of obsolete vices; or modern trash, full of exaggerated character and sentiment, trusting for success, perhaps, to romantic scenery and machinery; or literal transcripts of nursery fables. Our drama, overlooking some better qualities, is, in a great measure, a compound of childishness, indecency, buffoonery, and, to no small extent, of profanity; in every point of view fifty years in taste behind our current fictitious literature, which, in itself, is susceptible of great amendment.

In Great Britain the drama has always appealed to the less serious and virtuous part of the community. At the time of the civil war, and after the re-establishment of the theatre at the Restoration, it was altogether a cavalier thing, and, like the cavalier party in general, too apt to make debauchery a mark of rectitude in politics. This character it has never entirely shaken off. With the exception of a certain number of mawkish and tawdry aphorisms scattered over our modern plays, they still maintain, in some measure, their old war against the decencies and proprieties of life. The truth is, the theatre has become so exclusively resorted to by a less serious part of the community, that it could hardly attempt to conciliate the other class, lest, in the vain effort, it lose the customers it has.

If the players thus produce an article of entertainment inferior both in talent and in taste to the other things which compete for the business of amusing the public, it is not to be wondered at that their houses are deserted. For the crown which at present purchases a night's entertainment at the theatre to one member of a family—an entertainment partly childish, perhaps, and almost certain to be somewhat immoral—that whole family can be supplied for a whole month with the best literary productions of the day from a circulating library, or it can purchase a single volume, which not only gives it rational entertainment and instruction for several nights, but remains a constant and ready instrument for repeat-

ing this entertainment and instruction whenever it is required. If we coolly reflect on the respective reputations which the drama and literature bear in the world, we will find that only a certain number of people wish well to the former, while the latter is an object of almost universal attachment and national pride. The fact is, that the drama has shut itself out by its own misconduct from the sympathies of half the public, if not a much larger portion. It is still dabbling in the low vices and mean order of feelings which prevailed in the reign of George II., or else in the nursery tales which lulled our cradles; while literature, shooting far a-head, is replete with the superior virtues and extensive benevolences of the present age. And not only does literature compete with the stage. Music, and other accomplishments of private life, are also now resorted to, for the purpose of furnishing an innocent amusement to the family circle—an amusement less attractive, perhaps, than the theatre, which, with all its errors, has still a powerful inherent charm, but preferred, nevertheless, as making up in simplicity, harmlessness, and cheapness, what it wants in the power of excitement.

When we speak of the stupidity and bad taste of the plays, we do not enumerate all the disadvantages of the theatre. As if every thing connected with the establishment were doomed to be of the same order, we find the players also exciting disgust in all well-regulated minds by the strange code of morality which they have been pleased to set up for themselves. Of course, we do not shut our eyes to the numerous instances of respectable and well-behaved actors, which occur nowhere, perhaps, so frequently as in the minor capital which we inhabit. But, as we remarked in a former paper, we must not have great generalities ruined or broken down by unimportant exceptions. Taken as a whole, the players are a more dissolute fraternity than the members of any other profession; while some of them, ranking as the very highest in professional merit, commit transcendent breaches of the most sacred moral laws, as if to show how independent they are of all the rules of decent society. We would not gratify the wretched vanity which perhaps is one of the principal causes of those errors, by mentioning particular cases; but they are too notorious to require being specified. It is sometimes set forward as a plea for the extenuation of those offences, that the life of a player is more beset with temptations than any other; but what an argument is here against the whole system of play-acting? Another plea is, that the public has no business with anything but the public appearance of a player—has no right to think of their private lives; as if a person doing all he can to destroy the safeguards of domestic happiness by action and example, were to be equally well treated by society, as a person who does what is in his power to contribute to its happiness. Society must, in the eyes of these plauders, be a slavish thing indeed, if it is supposed that it must patiently submit to every insult and injury which it may please the sublime caprice of a buffoon to inflict upon it. And is the player judged less leniently than an offender in any other walk of life? When a tradesman commits an outrage on public decency, is he cherished on account of it by society? Is he not scouted for it, exactly as the player is, or, we should rather say, *ought to be*—for it can hardly be said that he is ever condemned for his offences by the regular friends of the stage, though the theatre is, on his account, still more resolutely abstained from by the good, who abstained from it before.

If the players thus debase themselves by the impurity of their lives, and thereby render themselves unfit to be

looked upon or listened to by the majority of society—if they continue to represent dramas suited to the taste of a past age, or else adapted only to the sympathies of chil- dren—if they persist in retaining about their whole system vicious forms of speech, indecent gestures, and a code of moral feeling and action, all of which have long been pronounced intolerable in good society, how can they expect their theatre to be so prosperous as they once were, more especially when purer and better modes of entertainment are every where rising into competition with them? The person who pens these thoughts is by no means an enemy to theatricals in the abstract. With the most respectful deference to those who see in dramatic entertainments an express hostility to the divine law, he retains the conviction that they might be rendered as good and innocent a means as any other for producing that great end—the diversion of the public mind by amusement from the follies and vices of absolute vacuity. He does not consider the theatre, or any other amusement, so much with a reference to the good which it may do, as with respect to the evil which it may prevent. It is clear, however, that the really good and pure can never become the friends of the theatre, so long as it remains unreformed. There must be a combination among the virtuous actors to exclude the vicious from their body. A number of antiquated and absurd fashions of the stage must be brought nearer to the standard of ordinary natural life. And the best literary men of the day must be encouraged by legislative enactments to produce a crop of new plays with a stronger moral bent than the generality of those now existing. Till all this is done, and the theatre become as noted in public fame for a friendliness to what is good, as it has hitherto been for the reverse, it must be content to occupy its present degraded place amongst our prevailing modes of public entertainment.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HEAT.—ITS DIFFUSION THROUGH NATURE.

THE desire of obtaining knowledge is one of the most natural, and, at the same time, most ennobling attributes of the human mind; for it is impossible, whatever may be our station in life, to walk through the world without witnessing facts of the highest interest, which cannot be duly appreciated unless properly understood. Again, then, we would insist that all such information may be obtained without our having to wade through a mass of difficulties; indeed, truth disdains all scholastic artifices; she loves not to appear masqueraded in the costume of quaint and hyperbolical devices; her ways are ways of the utmost simplicity, and may be readily understood by every person desirous of acquiring knowledge. In the last article, under the title of "Popular Information on Science," we explained, in a general manner, the sources, the nature, and the effects of light; and now, proceeding on the same principle—that is, avoiding as much as possible the use of scientific terms, and endeavouring to explain every thing in the most simple manner, we shall devote our attention to the subject of heat. We cannot look abroad, and take a survey of the magnificent theatre of nature, without perceiving at once the vast importance of this agent:—by its power, rocks, islands, hills, and mountains, have been upraised out of the innermost depths of the earth;—by its operation, the genial moisture, which, under the form of rain, descends, cooling the heated air and refreshing the parched up soil, is raised from the bosoms of rivers, lakes, and seas;—by its influence, the waters, which were chained up by frost during the desolate reign of winter, are again set free to sparkle along at the bases of their sunny banks;—by its benignant agency, the trees, that were deprived of their foliage, and the herbs, that were apparently withered, are again invigorated with new life, and arrayed in new beauty;—it controls and modifies, indeed, life under every form, and is the most universally pervading and important agent with which we are acquainted.

When we picture to ourselves the dreary monotony of

the polar regions, where human nature appears in its most humble and degraded form, and where the arctic bears, wolves, and foxes, seem alone to find appropriate habitations; and when we compare these trackless solitary wastes with the blooming and Eden-like valleys of Italy, we at once see the vast influence of different temperatures on the surface of the globe; nor have we any hesitation in referring such modifications to the sun, which is the most obvious fountain both of heat and light. The ancients, at a period when science was in its infancy, observed this general fact, and concluded that the sun was an immense globe of fire; but this opinion has been long since exploded. The astronomers of this enlightened age have shown, by the aid of telescopes, that the sun is itself a solid and opaque body, perhaps a habitable globe, and they have concluded that we owe both its light and heat to the peculiar atmosphere by which it is surrounded. However, although this opinion has been advocated by that illustrious astronomer, Sir William Herschell, it must be confessed that the manner and region of the sun in which heat and light are generated, can by no means be understood, and on this, as on every other subject of inquiry, it is better to acknowledge our ignorance, than to raise up a plausible and false theory to supply the place of more positive and satisfactory knowledge. Certain it is, that the rays of the sun do impart heat; but we must observe, that they do not do so unless they come into contact with some solid body—that is to say, they pass freely through the air without giving out any sensible heat until they reach the surface of the earth. Accordingly, the higher we ascend in the air, the colder it becomes—a fact experienced by aeronauts, or those who have ascended in balloons. Thus, M. Charles, Gay Lussac, and others have on such occasions found the thermometer sink a great many degrees, even below the freezing point. It is from the same cause that the higher we ascend a mountain, the more intense does the cold become, so that we at length arrive at a region where we can trace no signs of animal or vegetable life, all around being shrouded in perpetual snow. When we ascend the Cimborazo mountain, which forms the extremity of the Andes in South America, and which rises to the height of twenty thousand nine hundred feet above the surface of the earth, we leave at its base a hot region, where the exhalations of a marshy soil, and the continuance of heat, generate fevers and disease, fatal to animal and vegetable life. We, then, ascending higher, arrive at a temperate region, which possesses a moderate and constant warmth, and is a perpetual season of spring to those who have arrived from the lower, summer-like, hot region. Above this again, as we ascend still higher, we find ourselves surrounded by ice and snow, and then we suffer the most intense winter cold, so that we may truly say, that summer, winter, and spring, are here seated on three distinct thrones, which they never quit, and where they are constantly surrounded by the attributes of their powers. Vegetable and animal life, in these different regions, present us with equally remarkable gradations—thus, the forests of the lower or burning regions are extremely rich, and they continually resound with the howlings of different tribes of monkeys, and the Yaguar ant-eater and black tiger prowl about them, while the surrounding air is infested with myriads of mosquitoes and other obnoxious insects. Higher up the mountain we find the most splendid palm trees, upon which the sloth may be seen hanging, and at the feet of which the terrible boa-constrictor and crocodile may be often seen extending their frightful forms. Above this region we meet with the most beautiful arborescent ferns, and the precious bark tree, and many flowers of great beauty; but here the air, as we ascend, becoming colder, the sensitive plant, as if warning us of the sterility and lifelessness of the region to which we are approximating, loses its peculiar sensibility, and no longer closes its leaves on being touched. At length, as we proceed higher, the gigantic trees appear to have dwindled; the eye rests on nothing but short stunted dwarfish shrubs and alpine plants, until at last the lichens and mosses amidst patches of scattered snow apprise us that we have arrived at the boundary of organised beings; and that above us is nothing save the dreary region of eternal winter. Here no animal is observed, excepting occasionally the great condor, which is the only living being that appears to inhabit these vast solitudes. Here it is obvious that there is a regular gradation of temperature from the surface of the earth to the upper regions of the air, and for every hundred and ten yards of ascent, the heat diminished as much as if we were to advance one degree of latitude towards the northern polar regions. The facts here described are of very great importance, because we observe that on this account certain parts of the world are rendered not only habitable, but possess a fine and

genial climate, which would otherwise be parched up by a tropical and burning sun. The city of Quito, for example, is almost under the equator, and were we to form a superficial judgment of its temperature from its situation, we might infer that it would be oppressed with intolerable heat, instead of which, owing to its elevation, the air of that city differs little in temperature from that which we find in Paris.

We now, therefore, understand that the rays of the sun do not produce heat unless they strike against some solid body, and even then the greater or lesser intensity of the heat they produce is greatly modified by the direction which they take, for when these solar rays fall directly or vertically on a particular district, they give out much greater heat than when they fall obliquely. The reason for which is simply this; that when they descend on a spot directly or vertically, they fall on it with much force, and a great number of them are included in a small space; whereas, when their direction is more oblique, they not only do not strike the spot with the same force, but are more scattered, so that they by no means produce the same intensity of heat. By this general fact, then, we are enabled to explain the diminution of temperature from the equator to the poles; that is, from the tropical to the frigid regions. Near the equator we find a zone, which passes immediately under the sun twice a-year, and receives its rays in a very direct or vertical manner; and here we have the tropical region. Next in succession we find a portion of the globe which does not receive the sun's rays so directly or vertically, but, on the contrary, more obliquely, so that less heat is produced, and here, therefore, we find the temperate region. After this we arrive at another region of the globe, which is deprived of the heat of the sun for a greater part of the year, and, during the other, receives its rays still more obliquely; and here, consequently, we have the frigid zone, that desolate region of eternal ice and snow, which has been explored in vain by so many bold and enterprising navigators. This variety of temperature, occasioned by the different direction which the sun's rays take in reaching the earth, is remarkably obvious in hilly countries. If a hill, having a southerly aspect, present a certain inclination, and the sun be at a corresponding altitude, the solar rays will strike the side of the hill perpendicularly, while on the plain below and around, the rays strike the soil obliquely, and consequently, with proportionate diminution of force. If the ground extend to the north, it will receive no rays, and remain always in shade; and on this account it is that in the Valais we see the Alps on one side, covered with eternal ice, whilst the opposite hills are adorned with rich vineyards, and orchards, and all the charms of fertility. Nor is the different manner in which the rays of the sun strike the earth the only circumstance to be considered in examining the temperature of different climates; for the rays of heat, like the rays of light, undergo a greater or lesser reflection; that is, when they strike the earth, they are thrown back into the atmosphere, and are more or less confined and diffused among the watery vapour with which it is always loaded. Hence arises the warm and genial temperature which surrounds the immediate surface of the earth, and which is so admirably adapted to support vegetable and animal life. Some soils likewise absorb the sun's rays more than others; thus a moist clayey soil takes up and retains the rays of heat for a considerable time; a dry sandy surface, on the contrary, immediately reflects them; and thence it is that the traveller, in journeying through the sandy deserts of Africa, experiences the most oppressive and almost intolerable heat. This is aggravated by the dryness of the air; for when it contains much moisture, as is the case over marshy soils, the heat is considerably diminished; but such marshes in hot countries undergo fermentation, and give rise to exhalations that produce the most pestilential diseases. The vicinity of the sea moderates also very considerably the effects of temperature; and on this account the interior of continents is colder than their coasts. Accordingly, so intense is the cold in the mountains of Norway, that it proved fatal during the war to most of the Swedish army, the dead bodies of the soldiers having been found lying rank and file; but those who live on the coasts of this country enjoy a very mild and agreeable climate. When the sun's rays fall on the surface of the water, part of them enter it, and the continual motion of the waves, presenting a cool and fresh surface to the heated air, it is cooled, so that, while the land air is heated, and rises up into the upper regions, a cool sea breeze springs up and rushes in to supply its place. The vicinity of the sea, therefore, moderates the heat of summer. Again it is known that the temperature of water is always more equalised than that of land, and, consequently, in winter, when the sun's rays fall very obliquely on the earth, and its surface is covered with snow which prevents the heat of the earth radiating into the air, the sea, having a more uniform temperature, continues to radiate heat, and thus a warmer region of air is formed, which modifies the cold of winter. Accordingly, at Plymouth, although the mean heat of the year is, on the whole, a little less than at Paris, the winter months are much less severe. So likewise, in the coldest winter season, the temperature of Edinburgh is some degrees warmer than that of London. From all, therefore, we have now stated, it must appear obvious that, while we regard the sun as the most obvious source of heat, yet the heat so produced is modified by the direction which the solar rays take in reaching the earth, by the reflection and absorption they there undergo, and by the vicinity of the sea.

Hitherto we have considered the heat produced on the surface of the earth by the direct and immediate action of the sun; but, independent of this, we have evidence of the existence of very intense heat in the central depths of the earth. In going down into deep mines, the temperature of the air has been found to increase as we descend, but the

presence of the miners, the lamps and candles they use, and the explosions of gunpowder, render many of such experiments very erroneous. Other methods, therefore, to examine into the truth of the supposed fact, have been had recourse to, such as boring and cutting niches into rocks, taking at the same time as much precaution as possible against every source of fallacy. Still the result has been the same, and leads to the inference that a very great heat exists at a depth of the earth, and which is beyond the reach of the sun's influence. The hot springs, which abound not only in volcanic districts, but in various other parts of the world, also lead to the same conclusion; and of these we need only refer to those which are celebrated as medicinal in England, France, Italy, and Germany. The most remarkable springs of this kind are found in Iceland, where the principal one is called the Geyser, and is situated in the middle of a plain surrounded by forty other springs of a smaller size. These throw up their waters to a very considerable height. The eruption commences with short jets, which gradually increase in size; the steam then rushes forth furiously, accompanied by a loud thundering noise resembling, says Sir G. Mackenzie, the distant firing of artillery from a ship at sea, until at last a great mass of water is raised to a height of seventy, eighty, or ninety feet. The Icelanders use the more temperate of these springs as warm baths; in those that are hotter, or boiling, they boil their various articles of food, taking only the precaution to cover the vessel used for the purpose to prevent the volcanic odour giving a taste to their food. Volcanoes are also unquestionable proofs of the existence of this subterranean heat, which, we infer, must exist at a considerable depth in the earth, because rocks which we know have their original position at such depths, are, during their violent action, ejected into the air actually liquified by heat. Some of these volcanoes seem to have exhausted themselves, and have become extinct, examples of which we find in the central parts of France and Germany. Others exist in a state of frequent or continual activity, as is the case with Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, and Hecla; besides which, we know, that owing to violent volcanic action, immense rocks are forced up often from a considerable depth, even from below the surface of the sea, and so form islands of greater or lesser extent. So recently as the year 1831, in the month of July, an island of this kind arose in the Mediterranean. The water was at first violently agitated, after which vast quantities of smoke and white steam were evolved, and enormous masses of hot cinders, dust, &c. ejected several hundred feet into the air. Captain Stenhouse landed on this island the following August, and estimated its circumference to be about a mile and a quarter. Rocks so formed are said to be of igneous origin, and of such rocks there are numerous examples in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Salisbury Crag, Arthur Seat, the Calton Hill, Inchkeith, North Berwick Law, present us with examples, each of these being of igneous origin, having been forced upwards by the agency of heat from a very considerable depth in the earth. In examining either of these, we at once see how these igneous rocks have rent asunder and forced their way through supercumbent strata, now filling up the immense crevices they have torn open, and now overrunning the whole subjacent mass. When these vast and powerful operations of nature took place, terrible and sublime, indeed, must have been the convulsions exhibited, and altogether beyond the range of the human imagination. From the facts here stated—from the temperature increasing in the deeper parts of rocks and mines—from the existence of hot springs in various parts of the world—from the phenomena exhibited by volcanoes, and the appearances of rocks that have visibly undergone a state of fusion, we are entitled to infer the existence of heat as a most important agent beneath the surface of the earth; and whether it arise from central fire, or whether it be generated by some remarkable chemical actions that are in progress, has not been satisfactorily determined. In taking this general survey of the sources and influence of heat in nature, we ought not to omit observing, that it is often seen to arise from electricity. Even in this country where thunder storms are by no means so violent as in other parts of the world, nothing is more common than for lightning to melt metallic substances, especially iron. In a great thunder storm that happened in Herefordshire last year, in the month of July, the thick band of iron that was used to support a wooden railing in a field adjoining to the city of Hereford, was between each piece of wood completely melted—a fact at once showing how intense must have been the heat evolved. In Italy, before the remains of the celebrated poet Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church, to the Library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and the crown of iron laurels melted away—a circumstance which has been recorded by Lord Byron, in the following stanza in the fourth canto of Childe Harold.

"The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimic leaves,
Nor was the ominous element unjust—
For the true laurel leaf which glory weaves,
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow,
Yet still, if fondly superstition grieves,
Know that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes. 'Tis head is doubly sacred now."

When the operations of heat are considered on the extensive and magnificent scale on which they really take place in nature, we may readily suppose that mankind would be led, even in the earliest ages, to devise some method of procuring that peculiar modification of heat and light which constitutes fire; nor is it surprising that to it they attributed so many remarkable superstitions. The Persians we all know worshipped fire. The Patriarchs used it in their burnt-offerings; it was kept constantly burning in the Jewish tabernacle, and was regarded as the origin of life, the soul of the world, and the visible symbol of the Deity. Already, in our former article on light, we explained how it might be procured artificially by friction, or the rubbing of one body smartly against another, by which method the New Hollanders, Arctic Highlanders of Baffin's Bay, Fuegians, and other uncivilized tribes, are in the habit of ob-

aining it. We likewise showed that it might be readily produced by concussion, or the violent collision of one body against another—when a piece of flint is struck forcibly against a piece of iron; and furthermore stated that it might be kept up with a greater or lesser intensity by the burning of inflammable bodies, which is what is termed combustion. The compression of the particles of bodies nearer to each other is always more or less attended by an evolution of heat; and this is the case with air; for if a quantity of air be confined in a syringe, in which there is a piece of tinder at the bottom, and then violently compressed, sufficient heat is produced to ignite the tinder. It has also been recently shown by one of the members of the Academy of Paris, that water itself, when submitted to a pressure of twenty atmospheres, gives out a certain quantity of heat. But it will be asked what is the nature of heat? of what does it actually consist? In reply to which we shall simply state that there are two opinions advocated; the one is, that heat consists of nothing more than a certain vibration or motion of the particles of the hot body; the other, that it does not consist of any such tremor of the particles of the heated body, but is itself an independent substance, being an extremely subtle and elastic fluid, contained and dispersed among the pores of matter. This latter view appears to us the most plausible, and among other reasons for our thinking so, we may briefly state two:—The first is, that the addition of heat to a body increases its bulk, leading us to suppose that it receives some addition; the second is, that bodies throw out, or radiate their heat to a considerable distance, which could scarcely happen unless the heat so evolved were distinct, and independent of the body itself, whence it proceeds. Heat, therefore, we conclude, is a very subtle and elastic fluid; but we should here mention, that some philosophers consider that light and heat are only modifications of each other, and this opinion has been very ingeniously supported by Sir John Leslie, of the Edinburgh University. Whatever be the abstract nature of heat, its accumulation in, or abstraction from, different bodies, gives rise to the most remarkable changes, which, as we proceed with these articles, we shall take every opportunity of explaining, at the same time referring especially to those phenomena of nature which, to a comprehensive mind, afford finer and grander illustrations of science than any experiments described for the laboratory of the chemist.

THE GRIDIRON; OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceeding fond of what he termed his "*travels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throt you won't, Sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any alteration arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and children," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing: on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the bye, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest), Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throt I do, Sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, please your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throt then, they're not, Sir," interruptus Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had" in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yen, Sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad as most of the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost a crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "when the winds began to howl, and the sea to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what rowl out of her."

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pump was choak'd (divil choak them for that same), and av course the wather gained on us, and throt we filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and I was sinkin' fast, settin' down, as the sailors calls it, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordianly we prepared for the worst, and put less out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cask o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrife o' rum aboard, and any other little matters we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlin, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the ear away from her."

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we darnt show a stitch o' canvas the night before, becasue it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure its the wonder of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sea."

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sea and the sky; and though the sea and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throt they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was, would be more welkin. And then, soon enough throt, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throt that was gone first of all—God help us—and, oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—Oh, murther, murther, captain darlant," says I, "I wish we could see land any where," says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he,

"for sitch a good wish, and throt it's myself wishes the same."

"Oh," says I, "that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island, says I, "inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us bil and a sup."

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talkin' bad of any one," says he; "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a sud-

den," says he.

"Thre for you, captain darlant," says I—I called him darlant, and made free wid him, you see, because distress makes us all equal—thre for you, captain jewel—God betune us and harm, I owe no man any spite—and throt that was only throt. Well, the last bishkit was savred out, and by gor the *weather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crystal. But it was only the more crule upon us, for we wor beginin' to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and "thunder and turf, captain," says I, "look to leeward," says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his oring-in-near—that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, Sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurr!" says he, "we're all right now; pull away my boys, says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; "maybe its only a fog-bank, captain darlant," says I.

"Oh no," says he, "it's the land in airnes."

"Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, Captain?" says I; "maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the *Garmen Oceant*," says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—"tut, you fool," says he, "that's *France*," says he.

"Tare an oun," says I, "do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?" says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.

"Throt I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the rowl it has; for I often heend av it in regard o' that same; and throt the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will."

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrer nor ever—so says I, captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron."

"Why then," says ne, "thunder and turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?"

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger," says I.

"And sure bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*," says he.

"Ate a gridiron!" says I; "och, in throt I'm not sitch a gommoch all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-steak," says I.

"Arrah! but where's the beef-steak," says he.

"Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork," says I.

"By gor, I never thought o' that," says the captain.

"You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he, laughin'.

"Oh there's many a thure word said in joke," says I.

"Thre for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore there be-yant, (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"Oh by gor the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in ainst now," says he; "you gommoch," says he, "sure I towld you before that's *France*—and sure they're all furiners there," says the captain.

"Well," says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a furinner myself as any o' them?"

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I, "what I towld you, that I'm as good a furinner myself as any o' them."

"Make me sinsible," says he.

"By dad maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do," says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the *Garmen Oceant*.

"Leave aff your humbuggin'," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all."

"*Parly voor frongsay*," says I.

"Oh your humble servant," says he; "why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy."

"Throt, you may say that," says I.

"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jeerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I, "whether you joke or no."

"Oh, but I'm in ainst," says the captain—"and do you tell me, Paddy," says he, "that you spake *Frinch*?"

"*Parly voor frongsay*," says I.

"By gor that bangs Banagher, and al the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I never met the likes o' you Paddy," says he—"pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyfull before long."

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand, an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was after bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'ards a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite tintin' like.

"By the powdheres o' war, I'm all right," says I; "there's a house there—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convayent. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to them, as I heerd the *Frinch* was always mighty plite intirely—and I thought I'd shew them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, "God save all here," says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and began to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furiners, which they call so mighty plite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in distress in regard of ating," says I, "that I make bowd to throuble you, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "I'd be intirely oblieged to ye."

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), "indeed it's thre for you," says I; "I'm tattered to pieces and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm," says I, "which dhrivs us ashore here below, and we're all starvin'," says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they towld me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, "Oh! not at all," says I, "by no manes, we have plent o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhrase it," says I, "if you would be pleased to lind us the loan of a gridiron," says I, "makin' a low bow."

"Well, Sir, with that, throt they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not *France* at all at all—and so says I, "I beg pardon, Sir," says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—"maybe I'm under a mistake," says I; "but I thought I was in *France*, Sir; aren't you furiners?" says I.—*Parly voor Frongsay*."

"We munseer," says he.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you plaze?"

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onsy—*and so says I*, making a bow and scrape agin, "I know it's a liberty I take, Sir," says I, "but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, Sir, says I, *Parly voor Frongsay*."

"We munseer," says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, "and you'll obliege me."

"Well, Sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit o' a gridiron he'd give me; and so I began to think they were all neygar, for all their fine manners; and throt my blood began to rise, and says I, "By my soul, if it was you was in distress," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, its not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*."

"Well, bad winn' seemed to sttrech by heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand—*Parly voor Frongsay*, munseer?"

"We munseer," says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad scram to you."

"Well, bad winn' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tons.

"Phoo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tons," says I, "I don't want a tons at all at all; but can't you listen to raison," says I.—*Parly voor Frongsay*?"

"We munseer."

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and hold your prate."

"Well, what would you think but he shook his ould noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throt if you wor in my country it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you ould sinner," says I, "the divil a longer I'll darken your door."

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' in' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and says I, turnin' back, "Well, I'll give you one chance more—you ould thief—are you a Christ-than at all at all? are you a furinner?" says I, "that all the world calls so plite. Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language?—*Parly voor Frongsay*?"

"We munseer," says he.

"Then thundher and turf," says I, "will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?"

"Well, Sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, the 'curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly wilian," says I; "the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet," says I; "and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I

left them there, Sir, and kem away—and in throt its often sinse, that I thought that it was remarkable."—From *Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland*.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

I HAVE now to lay before my juvenile readers a sketch of the life and pursuits of one of the greatest men whom Great Britain has had the honour of having produced—a person alike distinguished for the great originality and depth of his philosophic views, and the simplicity and amiability of his character—one whom we are perhaps called on to admire more than to imitate, yet one whose virtues and piety may well serve as an example to individuals in every sphere of life.

"Isaac Newton was born on the 25th of December 1642, in the parish of Coltersworth, in Lincolnshire. His father was lord of the manor, and cultivated his own moderate paternal property. After receiving the rudiments of education in the usual manner, under the superintendence of his mother, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the grammar school at Grantham. The bias of his early genius was shown by a skill in mechanical contrivances, which excited great admiration. Whilst other boys were at play, his leisure was employed in forming working models of mills and machinery; he constructed a water clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial-plate to indicate the hours. His scientific paper kites, sent up in the dark, with Chinese paper lanterns attached to them, passed for meteors, and astonished the rustic gazer, at a time when such sights were rare and new: the yard of the house in which he lived, he turned into a useful sun-dial, by marking, from numerous observations, the hours upon the walls and roof. In his studies at school, his own report states him to have been negligent, till he was stimulated to exertion by the tyranny of a boy above him, on whom he determined to revenge himself, by passing him in the class; and he never rested till he became the first scholar.

His early attainments were not confined to mechanics: he showed a taste for the fine arts when he was a mere boy, and made very considerable proficiency in drawing, without having received any instruction; he copied prints, and even sketched portraits from life with tolerable fidelity and success. The walls of his room were decorated with these productions of his leisure hours.

Newton possessed, from his own report, considerable facility in versifying, but, like all young men who are anxious to succeed in gaining a respectable livelihood, he gave up the idle trade for a more serious calling. He lived, when at Grantham, with Mr Clark, an apothecary, who was brother to an undermaster of the school. Miss Story, the young and blooming niece of Mrs Clark, was the only female who is supposed to have made any impression on the heart of Newton. Instead of playing with other boys, he was in the habit of making, for his convenience and amusement, little tables and carriages, which moved mechanically like Merlin's chairs. His attachment to Miss Story is said to have continued even after he was sent to college; but as he could not marry without forfeiting his chance of a fellowship, and as he had no means of supporting a wife and family, he subdued his predilection in silence, and found consolation in the severest labour of study. He retained his feelings of kindness for her whilst she lived, visited her occasionally after she became Mrs Vincent, and, when she sunk into poverty, liberally supplied her wants. His utter unfitness for the humble and laborious details of a farmer's life was manifested by degrees; he was frequently reading under a tree when he should have been inspecting cattle, or superintending labourers; and when he was sent to dispose of farming produce at Grantham market, he was occupied in solving mathematical problems, in a garret or hay-loft, whilst the business was transacted by an old servant who had accompanied him to town. These strong indications of the bias of his disposition were not neglected by his anxious mother; she sent him again for a few months to school, and on the 5th of June 1660, he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The combination of industry and talents, with an amiable disposition and unassuming manners, naturally attracted the notice of his tutors, and the friendship of his admiring companions; amongst these was Isaac Barrow, afterwards justly celebrated as a preacher and a mathematician. Saunderson's Logic, Kepler's Optics, and the Arithmetic of Infinites, by Wallis, were the books first studied by Newton at Cambridge. He read the Geometry of Descartes diligently, and looked into the subject of judicial astrology, which then engaged some attention. He read little of Euclid, and is said to have regretted, in a subsequent part of his life, that he had not studied the old mathematicians more deeply. He was methodical in every thing; he kept a regular account of all his expenses at Cambridge; and under the date 1664, it is recorded that he purchased a prism: the fact of his buying a small piece of common glass may appear insignificant and trifling in itself, but it acquires a deep interest when it is considered as the foundation of his brilliant discoveries in the science of optics.—[For the nature of these discoveries, see article POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE, in the 20th number of the Journal.]

In 1665, the students of the University of Cambridge were suddenly dispersed by the breaking out of a pestilential disorder in the place. Newton retired for safety

to his paternal estate; and though he lost for a time the advantages of public libraries and literary conversation, he rendered the years of his retreat a memorable era in his own existence and in the history of science, by another of his great discoveries, that of the theory of gravitation, or the tendency of bodies towards the centre of our globe. His mind was never idle; experiments, conclusions, and reflections, occupied it continually. He saw an apple fall from a tree, and immediately began to consider the general laws which must regulate all falling bodies. At that time a degree had never been actually measured upon the surface of the earth; his first attempts to account for the wonders of the whole solar system, by the principle of gravitation alone, were, therefore, imperfect, from the want of sufficient data; but resuming the subject afterwards, he found that the same cause which made an apple fall to the ground, retained the moon and planets in their orbits, and regulated, with a simplicity and power truly wonderful, the motions of all the heavenly bodies.

On his return to Cambridge in 1667, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and two years afterwards he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the place of his friend Dr Barrow, who resigned. His great discoveries in the science of optics formed for some time the principal subject of his lectures, and his new theory of light and colour was explained, with a clearness arising from perfect knowledge, to the satisfaction of a crowded and admiring audience. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, and is reputed to have been compelled to apply for a dispensation from the usual payment of one shilling weekly, which is contributed by each member towards the expenses. He had at this period of his life no income except what he derived from his college and his professorship, the produce of his estate being absorbed in supporting his mother and her family. His personal wishes were so moderate that he never could regret the want of money, except inasmuch as it limited his purchases of books and scientific instruments, and restricted his power of relieving the distress of others. About the year 1683 he composed his great work, entitled *The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*. In 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution, he was chosen to represent the University in Parliament, and the honour thus conferred on him was repeated in 1701. His great merit at last attracted the notice of those who had it in their power to bestow substantial rewards, and he was appointed Warden of the Mint, an office for which his patient and accurate investigations singularly fitted him, and which he held with general approbation till his death. Honours and emoluments now flowed fast upon him. Leibnitz, having felt envious of the discoveries of Newton, tried to revenge himself by sending over a problem which he thought would show his superiority, by baffling the skill of the English mathematicians: it was received by Newton in the evening after his usual day's labour at the Mint, and he solved it before he retired to rest. After this there was no further attempt made to traduce his fame. In 1705 he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne.

Newton's benevolence of disposition led him to perform all the minor duties of social life with great exactness; he paid and received frequent visits, he assumed no superiority in his conversation, he was candid, cheerful, and affable; his society was therefore much sought, and he submitted to intrusions on his valuable time without a murmur; but by early rising, and by a methodical distribution of his hours, he found leisure to study and compose, and every moment which he could command he passed with a pen in his hand and a book before him. He was generous and charitable—one of his maxims being, that those who gave nothing before death, never, in fact, gave at all—a sentiment which ought to fall as a solemn admonition on the ear of those miserable-minded men who bequeath their property for such purposes as may purchase a character for philanthropy after death. His wonderful faculties were very little impaired, even in extreme old age; and his cheerful disposition, combined with temperance and a constitution naturally sound, preserved him from the usual infirmities of life. He was of middle size, with a figure inclining to plumpness; his eyes were animated, piercing, and intelligent; the general expression of his countenance was full of life and kindness; his sight was preserved to the last, and his hair in the decline of his days was white as snow. The severe trial of bodily suffering was reserved for the last stage of his existence, and he supported it with characteristic resignation. On the 20th of March 1726 he expired at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The character of Newton cannot be delineated and discussed like that of ordinary men; its unity is so beautiful, that the biographer must dwell upon it with delight and the inquiry, by what means he attained an undisputed superiority over his fellow-creatures, must be both interesting and useful. It has been asserted that all men are born equal in talents, and that the difference which exists amongst them is the effect of education; but this is disproved by the observation of every parent and every schoolmaster, a decided inequality in capacity for receiving instruction being exhibited distinctly by children even in infancy. Newton was endowed with talents of the highest order, but those who are less eminently gifted may study his life with advantage, and derive instruction from every part of his career. With a power of intellect almost divine, he demonstrated the motions of the planets, the orbits of the comets, and the cause of the tides of the ocean; he investigated, with

complete success, the properties of light and colour, which no man before had even suspected; he was the diligent, sagacious, faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and Scripture; his philosophy tended to exalt the glory of the Creator; and he exhibited in his manners the purity and simplicity of the doctrines of the Gospel. He was a firm believer in Christianity, not as men in general believe, by coldly assenting to the truth of doctrines, merely because they have been early inculcated by parents and preceptors. He was deeply learned in history and chronology, and he applied the unrivalled powers of his mighty intellect to the complete examination of a subject, compared with which all others sink into insignificance; the result was a clear conviction of the truth of revealed religion, which is demonstrated in all his works, and which was still more effectually shown in his life and conduct. Those who consider his character will duly appreciate the value of his testimony.**

RATTLING ROARING WILLIE.

A Scottish border minstrel, of whom tradition relates a variety of anecdotes, was a person called by the country people Rattling Roaring Willie, a soubriquet probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy as is frequently mentioned in old plays. It is mentioned of Willie, who was among the last of the minstrels, that while drinking at a place called Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, he chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords—and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling Roaring Willie." A song was also composed, illustrating his history and woeful end, which terminates with the following verse:—

"The lasses of Ousemen water
Are rugging and riving their hair;
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair.
His beauty was so fair
And comely for to see;
And drink will be dear to Willie
When Sweet Milk gars him dee."

LEYDEN.

Leyden is built on the ancient bed of the Rhine, a branch of which river still passes through it, and gives the name of Rhynland to the surrounding country. The town contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, and a hundred and forty-five stone bridges, forming communications between the islands into which Leyden is divided by numerous canals. Every street is underlined by sewers. One of these is a mile in length, and sufficiently large to admit a boat for the purpose of cleansing it. The gutters are covered with boards only, raised at pleasure, to receive the dirt. Leyden signalized itself in 1573, by the stand it made against the Spaniards, when the Duke of Alva had subjected the whole of Holland except this gallant town. The distress to which the besieged was reduced is scarcely surpassed in the history of Europe. Probably none but the Jews have ever suffered greater horrors. For seven weeks the flesh of dogs and horses, with a few roots and herbs, formed the only food of the inhabitants. At length the elements interposed on behalf of the sufferers; one of the dykes was burst by an equinoctial gale; the whole country was inundated; and the deluge that drove away the Spaniards bore on the surface of its waters boats laden with provisions sent from all quarters to the relief of the town. To reward their bravery, the Prince of Orange offered the burghers an university, or exemption from taxes for a certain number of years. Preferring the former, they have received a just reward in the rise amongst them of many who, in various departments of science, have attained an eminence on which they stand conspicuous to posterity. Foremost in this noble company is Boerhaave, whose talents and perseverance raised him to the rank of the first chemist and physician of his day. He professed these sciences in the university and in the examination-room, his picture is suspended, with those of all who have held the office of professor here. In this venerable society we remarked the portraits of Scaliger, Salustius, Witius, and Arminius. The painter Gerard Douw was a native of Leyden, and Rembrandt of its immediate vicinity. The botanical garden does honour to the taste and science with which it was arranged by Boerhaave, who planted there two palm-trees, the living memorials of that great master. The anatomical theatre also is worthy of such a patron; as are the museums of natural history and antiquities, which contain some of the finest collections in Europe of stuffed animals, skeletons, and minerals, besides twenty-four mummies.—Elliot's North of Europe.

MOZART.

The charity of this great musician was once appealed to in the street by an old acquaintance, who had seen better days. Mozart put his hand into his pocket, but found nothing there; the discovery was embarrassing and painful under such circumstances, but immediately an idea occurred to that great genius; he requested the man to wait—stepped into a coffee-room, and there instantly composed a minuet, folded up the paper, and gave it to the applicant, recommending him to give it to a music-dealer in the city, who, when he saw the contents, would give him something. The man received five louis d'or.

It is needless to observe that the minuet

* This sketch of the life of Newton has been abridged from a work of great merit, which should be better known, entitled "Sketches in Biography, designed to show the influence of Literature on Character and Happiness, by John Clayton, Esq." Published in one volume, at Edinburgh, in 1825.

is considered a master-piece, it being the production of an artist who composed nothing but master-pieces; but it is more striking, as it displays an extraordinary degree of musical learning, as well as originality.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

By Mrs CHILD.

THE county of Strafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills, towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of the clouds—precipices from which the eagle delights to build his eyry—dells rugged and tangled with dark and deep ravines, form the magnificent characteristic of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorus's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend, which tradition alone has saved from utter oblivion. This spot, being in the midst of very romantic scenery, is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is, as yet, untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no "mountain house," perched on the tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizards and mountain-spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life by impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master-spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell, something of a haughty spirit, strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scoured to murmur. He assumed superiority; but unconsciously there was thrown around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt; they knew not why, that he was "among them, but not of them." His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favourable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was a death-blow to his hopes of advancement in his own country. Immediate flight became necessary; America was the chosen place of refuge, and to this solitary spot he withdrew with his family.

A small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorus was considered a prophet among them, and, as such, an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in fury and ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small black fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorus had a son about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect every thing, and taste of every thing which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy, and he went home to his father to sicken and die.

From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorus's soul. He never told his suspicions; he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too surely showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind, grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnished up all his life-heart, and now they were torn from him. The remembrance of her love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sucking him down, down into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

"As if the dead could feel
The icy worm around him steal."

For many days, those who knew and revered him feared that the spark of reason was for ever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorus would make him smile even in his dreams; and when he looked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorus's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition when he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name, probably looking out for their return. Here Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. Having traced the dark-minded prophet to his lair, he was one morning startled at a loud voice, from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness, "The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorus, and Chocorus will not throw it away at the command of a white man." "Then, hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!" exclaimed Campbell, as he pointed his rifle to the precipice. Chocorus, though fierce and fearless as the panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hands upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But, recovering and raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a voice rendered more terrific as its huskiness increased—"A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorus had a son—and ye killed him while his eye still loved to look on the bright sun and the green earth! Your spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war-path of the Indians! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorus goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men."

The prophet sunk upon the ground—still uttering inaudible maledictions—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife were busy among them, the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings; their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot, to mingle with more populous and fortunate colonies. Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking his fellow-men; and two years after the dispersion of this colony he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorus's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing curses upon them.*

A CUP OF GENUINE SHERRY.

THE information formerly conveyed relative to wines, ancient and modern, will be rendered more complete by the following account of the mode of managing the sherry wines previous to their shipment for this country, as given by Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, in his recently published work, entitled "Sketches of Spain and Morocco." It will be remembered that sherry takes its name from the town of Xeres in Spain, which is the chief seat of its manufacture.

"Nothing at Xeres so much surprises the stranger, and is more worthy of his inspection, than the bodegas or wine-vaults. The vintage itself, though interesting, has nothing particularly striking or picturesque in it; and after having walked through the broiling vineyards, and seen the process of picking and pressing the grapes, the curiosity of the traveller will be satisfied. There are few, however, who would not feel inclined, I think, to repeat their visits more than once to the bodegas. The term wine-vaults is ill suited to convey an idea of these really splendid and extraordinary establishments, which I should class among the things best worth seeing in Spain. Instead of descending into a dark, low, grovelling, and nasty magazine, like the London-dock wine-vaults, spacious as they are, you first pass through a street, one entire side of which, for the extent of a quarter of a mile, is occupied by one of these bodegas; and, entering through large folding doors, you find yourself, to your astonishment, in what at first sight appears to be a church of considerable dimensions, with a lofty roof, and divided into spacious aisles.

In the centre you see, in large characters, "Bodega of Jesus;" and, at the sides, "Nave of St Andrew, St Pedro, St Jago." Your eye soon runs along the lower part of the building, and you see some thousand butts of wine ranged along the aisles and against the arched pillars. A delicious fragrance, which you easily recognise, soon convinces you, notwithstanding the pious inscriptions you have been reading, that you are in a place exclusively dedicated to the enjoyments of the body.

On entering, you are waited upon by the superintendent of the bodega, who accompanies you through the different aisles, and who explains to you, in passing each barrel, the name, quality, age, and peculiar flavour of the wine within it; and, in order that you may understand it practically as well as theoretically, his observations are rendered clear and intelligible by a full glass of the delicious liquor. You proceed thus slowly through the whole range of the bodega, occasionally pausing, like Bacchus, astride of a large butt, and sipping bumpers of luscious Paxaret, fragrant Muscatel, or dark creamy Sherry, half a century old. While in the outside everything is blazing with the intense heat of the noon-day heat, within, a coldness, and a soft mellow light prevail; and you fancy you should like to pass the remainder of your days in this pleasant retreat. In this manner you keep on quaffing the nectar which is so liberally supplied you, till you think it high time to make your treat into the hot and dusty streets of Xeres.

Each wine establishment is conducted by an overseer, who is called the capataz, and so is he who is entrusted the purchasing of the different wines from the grower, the selection, and

the mixing of them, as also the proving and tasting of the brandies required. The interior of one of these large bodegas may be compared to an immense hospital filled with patients, and the capataz, or superintendent, to the visiting physician. The former goes his daily round, accompanied by one of the superintendents, whom we will call the apothecary. As he passes each butt, he begins his inquiry into the state of each patient; not by feeling his pulse, but by tapping, which is immediately performed by his attendant, who runs a spike into it, and presents him with a bumper of its contents. On tasting it, he may probably find that the wine is sick, as it is called by the merchants, being usually the case with young wines; a jar or two of brandy is therefore prescribed for the invalid, and the dose is forthwith administered. A second butt may be found to be equally quinolish, and is relieved in the same manner. The body or constitution of a third may probably be naturally weak and delicate; this is strengthened and improved by being mixed with wine which is sounder and stronger; while a fourth may be at the very last extremity, so as to require the application of musk. Speaking, however, more seriously, the bodega requires a great deal of skill, constant attention, a nice taste, and a discriminating judgment in the selection not only of the wines but of the brandies; in the improving the delicacy and flavour of the former, increasing or diminishing the body, dryness, and colour, and finally giving such a variety of shades, and differences in flavour and price, as may best suit the particular market, and gratify the taste and appetite of John Bull.

With this I shall conclude the remarks I have been making, merely observing that, however far we may be from drinking the sherry wine in its original state in our own country, owing to the impossibility of preserving it without the addition of a spirituous body, it is so very superior to the lighter kinds of sherry, which are drank in their pure state, and which supply the general consumption in the country, that the last-mentioned wine cannot be compared to it. To the wealthy merchants and exporters of Xeres, we are indebted for a wine which, like port, may be called a sound British wine, and which is far more suitable to an English constitution and climate than the lighter wines of France and the Rhine."

We have all heard of certain idle enthusiasts who have studied the Spanish tongue for the purpose of reading Don Quixote in the original—who have travelled a thousand miles to taste the waters of the Jordan, or a mouthful of snow from Mont Blanc; to wash their hands in the Pacific, or see the sun rise from the summit of the great Pyramid. In the same feeling of devotion, who would not, after perusing the account of the travelled baronet, wish to set out on an expedition to quaff a cup of genuine sherry in the cool bodegas of Xeres?

RISE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

HAVING established factories in India, the East India Company found no other obstacle to its success than the hostility of the Dutch, which was long very formidable. "The Dutch (continues Macculloch, in the Dictionary of Commerce) endeavoured to obtain the exclusive possession of the spice trade, and were not at all scrupulous about the means by which they attempted to bring about their favourite object. The English, on their part, naturally exerted themselves to obtain a share of so valuable a commerce; and as neither party were disposed to abandon its views and pretensions, the most violent animosities grew up between them. During the civil war, Indian affairs were necessarily lost sight of; and the Dutch continued, until the ascendancy of the republican party had been established, to reign triumphant in the East, where the English commerce was nearly annihilated. But, notwithstanding their depressed condition, the Company's servants in India laid the foundation, during the period in question, of the settlements at Madras and in Bengal. Permission to build Fort St George was obtained from the native authorities in 1640. In 1656, Madras was raised to the station of a Presidency. In 1645, the Company began to establish factories in Bengal, the principal of which was at Hooghly. These were for a lengthened period subordinate to the presidency of Madras.

"No sooner, however, had the civil wars terminated, than the arms and councils of Cromwell retrieved the situation of our affairs in India. The war which broke out between the Long Parliament and the Dutch in 1652, was eminently injurious to the latter. The charter under which the East India Company prosecuted their exclusive trade to India being merely a grant from the crown, and not ratified by any act of Parliament, was understood by the merchants to be at an end when Charles I. was deposed. They were confirmed in this view of the matter, from the circumstance of Charles having himself granted, in 1635, a charter to Sir William Courten and others, authorising them to trade with those parts of India with which the Company had not established any regular intercourse. The reasons alleged in justification of this measure, by the crown, were, that the East India Company had neglected to establish fortified factories, or seats of trade, to which the King's subjects could resort with safety; that they had consulted their own interests only, without any regard to the King's revenue; and, in general, that they had broken the condition on which their charter and exclusive privileges had been granted to them. Courten's association, for the foundation of which such satisfactory reasons had been assigned, continued to trade with India during the remainder of Charles' reign; and no sooner had the arms of the Commonwealth forced the Dutch to desist from their depredations, and to make reparations for the injuries they had inflicted on the English in India, than private adventurers engaged in great numbers in the Indian

* I believe this is the first time the above has appeared in Great Britain.

trade, and carried it on with a zeal, economy, and success, that monopoly can never expect to rival. It is stated in a little work, entitled *Britannia Longa*, published in 1680 (the author of which has evidently been a well-informed and intelligent person), that, during the years 1653, 1654, 1655, and 1656, when the trade to India was open, the private traders imported East Indian commodities in such large quantities, and sold them at such reduced prices, that they not only supplied the British markets, but had even come into successful competition with the Dutch in the market of Amsterdam, and very much sunk the shares of the Dutch East India Company. This circumstance naturally excited the greatest apprehensions on the part of the Dutch East India Company; for, besides the danger that they now ran of being deprived, by the active competition of the English merchants, of a considerable part of the trade which they had previously enjoyed, they could hardly expect that, if the trade were thrown open in England, the monopoly would continue in Holland.

" Feeling that it was impossible to contend with the private adventurers under system of fair competition, the moment the treaty with the Dutch had been concluded, the Company began to solicit a renewal of their charter, which they succeeded in receiving from Cromwell in 1657. Charles II. confirmed this charter in 1661; and at the same time conferred on them the power of making peace or war with any people *not* of the Christian religion; of establishing fortifications, garrisons, and colonies; of exporting ammunition and stores to their settlements duty free; of seizing and sending to England such British subjects as should be found trading to India without their leave; and of exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction in their settlements, according to the laws of England. Still, however, as this charter was not fully confirmed by any act of Parliament, it did not prevent traders, or interlopers, as they were termed, from appearing within the limits of the Company's territories. Hence their monopoly was by no means complete; and it was not till after the Revolution that the authority of Parliament was interposed to enable the Company wholly to engross the trade with the east.

" In addition to the losses arising from this source, the Company's trade suffered severely during the reign of Charles II. from the hostilities that were then waged with the Dutch, and from the confusion and disorders caused by the contests among the native princes; but in 1668, the Company obtained a very valuable acquisition in the island of Bombay. Charles II. acquired this island as part of the marriage portion of his wife, Catherine of Portugal; and it was now made over to the Company on condition of their not selling or alienating it to any persons whatever, except such as were subjects of the British crown. They were allowed to legislate for their new possession; but it was enjoined that their laws should be consonant to reason, and as near as might be agreeable to the practice of England. They were authorised to maintain their dominion by force of arms; and the natives of Bombay were declared to have the same liberties as natural born subjects. The Company's western presidency was soon after transferred from Surat to Bombay. But the reign of Charles II. is chiefly memorable in the Company's annals, from its being the commencement of the tea trade. The first notice of tea in the Company's records is found in a dispatch, addressed to their agent at Bantam, dated 24th January 1667-8, in which he is desired to send home 100 lbs. of tea, 'the best he can get.' Such was the late and feeble beginning of the tea trade; a branch of commerce that has long been of vast importance to the British nation, and without which, it is more than probable that the East India Company would long since have ceased to exist, at least as a mercantile body.

" In 1677, the Company obtained a fresh renewal of their charter. During the greater part of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the affairs of the association at home were principally managed by the celebrated Sir Josiah Child, the ablest commercial writer of the time; and in India, by his brother Sir John Child. Sir Josiah was one of the first who projected the formation of a territorial empire in India. But the expedition fitted out in 1686, in the view of accomplishing this purpose, proved unsuccessful; and the Company were glad to accept peace on the terms offered by the Mogul. During the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and that of his successor, the number of private adventurers, or interlopers, in the Indian trade, increased in an unusual degree. After serious contests, the trade was virtually laid open by a vote of the House of Commons: 'That all the subjects of England had an equal right to trade to the East Indies, unless prohibited by act of Parliament.' Matters continued on this footing till 1698."

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

An interesting work, entitled, "A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827, by AUGUSTUS EARLE," has made its appearance, and presents some new traits of character of the savage inhabitants of that distant island. It appears from the narrative that these people are much less ferocious than has generally been represented, and that they are a very superior and fine-looking race, in comparison with the natives of New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land. There is a missionary settlement in New Zealand; but, from the author's account, it does no good, and its religious members said to be chiefly mindful of their own comforts and

aggrandisement—a circumstance requiring immediate inquiry in the proper quarter. With all the good points of character which the narrator bestows on the natives, it seems they have still a strong hankering after human flesh, as is evident from the following quotation:—

" The New Zealanders (says Mr. Earle) have been long charged with cannibalism; but as no person of importance or celebrity had actually been witness to the disgusting act, in pity to our nature such relations have been universally rejected, and much has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It was my lot to behold it in all its horrors! One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had just returned from a long walk, Captain Duke informed me he had heard, from very good authority (though the natives wished it to be kept a profound secret), that in the adjoining village a female slave named Matowe had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. Ato, had been paying us a visit, and, when going away, he recognised a girl who he said was slave that had run away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Ato's laying claim to her had caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now, to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven! Captain Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies. On a spot of rising ground, just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner:—A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewed around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing: he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognised the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening! We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it there for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time, that the repast would not be ready for some hours! Here stood Captain Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been every where questioned. In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph! This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Ato, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Ato with his brutality. Ato received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn, if possible, the whole particulars. Ato at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favourite companions. After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Ato frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; that if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked, it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sunset. We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took

us outside his village, and shewed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—'For,' said he, 'I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!' My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and gentle in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age! While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Ato, and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it; a hot fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass; and the same dog we had seen with the head now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a lowering gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings. After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast: this resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pickaxe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Ato and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as none of his followers appeared willing to come to blows, and seemed ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted by them to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust created by our task was almost overpowering. We collected all the parts we could recognise; the heart was placed separately, we supposed as a savoury morsel or the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven." And when they were gone, the natives disinterred their favourite dish, and ate it.

CUSTOMS IN VISITING THE POPE.

WILLIAMS, in his Travels in Italy and Greece, gives an account of certain usages in Rome, of some interest to the English reader. Speaking of the intercourse which subsists betwixt the British residents and the Pope, he proceeds to mention that, "on occasions when the English have been introduced to him, the Pope has taken the opportunity to say flattering things respecting the English character. The number of introductions—for few Englishmen return from Rome without having been introduced, if he is at that time in Rome—cannot fail to be burdensome to his holiness. As England has had, since the Reformation, no accredited minister at the Roman court, the introduction of the English has usually devolved on some one of the Scotch or Irish ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church resident at Rome. Abbé Grant, of the Scotch college, long performed that office. The person to whom it now belongs (1820) is Abbé Taylor, an Irishman. To this gentleman you signify your wish, for the gratification of which, you have, however, frequently to wait some time, as his list is in the full season very numerous, and the Pope receives only seven strangers at one time, and many days often elapse between one reception day and the next.

The necessary equipment is a court dress, sword, &c., according to instructions from Abbé Taylor. Persons who have a claim to it may go in uniform, naval or military; and many do this who have no claim. The uniform of a naval lieutenant had got into the hands of a Roman tailor, who had let it out for the occasion of an introduction to the Pope, to so many of our countrymen, that it was nearly as well known at the Vatican as the habit of a Cardinal would be, and the navy lieutenant was a standing joke at Rome.

When the seven persons who are to form that day's party are all arrived at Abbé Taylor's, they set out for the Vatican, where they are first introduced by Cardinal Gonsalvi, and then, being first desired to divest themselves of their swords, are conducted by the Abbé to the presence of the Pope. Nothing can contrast more strongly with the pomp and circumstance of a royal levee than this scene. The Pope sits in a sort of study, at his table, writing, with some books near him, his dress being quite in dishabille, somewhat like a flannel dressing-gown. When the visitors enter, he rises and comes forward to the circle, and commences conversation, gene-

raly preceding it with something complimentary to the English character, and his high esteem for the nation. He observed to a friend of mine, that when he first came as a student to Rome, he scarcely remembered one chimney in the city, but that now he could count nearly 100; this he attributed to the British residents. He particularly mentioned his obligations to the English nation, for the restoration of so many works of art recovered to Rome at their expence. The period for remaining in the Papal presence is various, but generally not exceeding half an hour. Some English ladies procured the honour of an introduction, and wore black veils on the occasion.

We have often met his Holiness taking his favourite walk near the Coliseum. His morning dress is a scarlet mantle, a scarlet hat with a very broad brim, edged with gold, scarlet stockings and shoes. When he is met by the Romans, they invariably fall on their knees, and he gives them his blessing. The British stand, and take off their hats, and their bows are graciously returned. His Holiness's carriage, which is a plain, crazy-looking machine, drawn by six horses with riders in purple livery, always follows him. On one of his walks, the Pope threw some money on the road among some poor people, and, to our surprise, they scrambled and fought for it as soon as his back was turned."

JULY.

Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unseems labour. The swink mower sleeps;
The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctantly; the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulky along
The slow encumbered wain in midday heat.

JULY is the seventh month of the year. According to the reckoning of the Romans it was the fifth, and called *QUINTILUS*, until Mark Antony denominated it July, in compliment to Caius Cesar, the Roman dictator, whose surname was Julius, who improved the calendar and was born in this month.

Leigh Hunt, in his *Months*, has the following characteristic observations on this delightful season of the year. "The heat is greatest in this month on account of its previous duration. The reason why it is less so in August is, that the days are then much shorter, and the influence of the sun has been gradually diminishing. The farmer is still occupied in getting the productions of the earth into his gardens; but those who can avoid labour enjoy as much rest and shade as possible. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is charred with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flint sparkles with heat. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, 'fleshless and bloodless,' seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is also the only audible thing now, increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his grave tone. The gnats

Their murmuring small trumpets sound wide;—SPENSER, and here and there the little musician of the grass touches forth his tricksy note.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's.—KEATS.

Besides some of the flowers of last month, there are now candy-tufts, catch-fly, columbines, egg-plant, French marigolds, lataveras, London-pride, marvel of Peru, veronicas, tuberoses, which seem born of the white rose and lily; and scarlet-beans, which, though we are apt to think little of them because they furnish us with a good vegetable, are quick and beautiful growers, and in a few weeks will hang a wall or trellis with an exuberant tapestry of scarlet and green.

The additional trees and shrubs in flower are bramble, button-wood, iteas, cistuses, climbers, and broom. Pimpernel, cockle, and fumitory, are now to be found in corn-fields, the blue-bell in wastes or by the road-sides; and the luxuriant hop is flowering.

The fruits begin to abound, and are more noticed, in proportion to the necessity for them occasioned by the summer-heat. The strawberries are in their greatest quantity and perfection; and currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, have a world of juice for us, prepared, as it were, in so many crowds of little bottles, in which the sunshine has turned the dews of April into wine. The strawberry lurks about under a beautiful leaf. Currants are also extremely beautiful. A handsome bunch looks like pearls or rubies, and an imitation of it would make a most graceful earring. We have seen it, when held lightly by fair fingers, present as lovely a drop, and piece of contrast, as any holding hand in a picture of Titian.

Bulbous rooted flowers, that have almost done with their leaves, should now be taken up, and deposited in shallow wooden boxes. Mignonette should be transplanted into small pots, carnations be well attended to and supported, and auriculas kept clean from dead leaves and weeds, and in dry weather frequently watered.

It is now the weather for bathing, a refreshment too little taken in this country, either in summer or winter. We say in winter, because with very little care in placing it near a cistern, and having a leather pipe for it, a bath may be easily filled once or twice a week with warm water;

and it is a vulgar error that the warm bath relaxes. An excess, either warm or cold, will relax; and so will any other excess; but the sole effect of the warm bath moderately taken is, that it throws off the bad humours of the body by opening and clearing the pores. As to summer bathing, a father may soon teach his children to swim, and thus perhaps might be the means of saving their lives some day or other, as well as health. Ladies also, though they cannot bathe in the open air as they do in some of the West Indian islands and other countries, by means of natural basins among the rocks, might often make a substitute for it at home in tepid baths. The most beautiful aspects under which Venus has been painted or sculptured, have been connected with bathing: and indeed there is perhaps no one thing that so equally contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper;—to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in clearing and tinting the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages, 'the nerves,' which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner."

Gardening.—JULY.

FRUIT GARDEN.—In the beginning of this month, thin finally the later-ripening apricots, and early peaches and nectarines, following up those which ripen in succession. Wall-trees and espaliers must be looked over, and divested of their superfluous wood, and the rest trained regularly and neatly at length. Vines must be looked over, their tendrils taken off, the laterals shortened to one joint, if the upper bud has pushed since the last month long enough to require this to be done. The shoots which have produced fruit must be shortened to two joints above the uppermost branch, keeping those closely trained to the wall. Runners of all sorts of strawberries should now be taken off, and the young plants bedded out, in order to have them strong and well-rooted previously to their being finally planted out in the autumn. Should the weather prove dry, they must be well watered till they have taken root.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow cape broccoli, endive, kidney beans, lettuces, spinach, and turnips; hoe carrots, leeks, onions, parsnips, and turnips; plant out broccoli, cauliflowers, and winter greens. Plant out celery on the flat surface of rich ground, and on trenches, taking care to take up each plant with all its roots, and to divest it of all its side-shoots to its principal leaves, which would otherwise prevent its making a fine clean handsome head. Prepare mushroom spawn, if not done last month. Cucumbers will now be in full bearing upon the ridges, and should be kept pegged down, stopping the leading runners, so as to keep the plants close, and the ridges completely filled up. In earthing up the hills of melons, one or two of the frames or pits may now be spawned for mushrooms; these will produce their crop in the autumn. Take up garlic, potato onions, rocambole, and shallots, when the leaves begin to decay, and lay them on mats in an airy place to dry.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

WINTER GARDENS IN PRUSSIA.

At Berlin there are four extensive winter gardens, in which the appearance of a perpetual summer is kept up. They are simply large greenhouses, or orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling, and upright windows in front—the air heated by stoves, supplied with fuel from without. On the floor are placed here and there large orange trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. Round the stems of the trees tables are formed, which are used for refreshments for the guests, and for pamphlets and newspapers. There are also clumps of trees and of flowering plants; and sometimes pine apples and fruit trees. The gardens abound with moveable tables and seats, and there is generally music, a writer of poetry, a reader, a lecturer; short plays have even been acted in them on the Sundays. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and on certain days of the week the music and illumination is on a grander scale. In some of these orangeries there are separate saloons for billiards, for ladies who object to the smoke of tobacco, for cards, and select parties. In the morning part of the day the gardens are chiefly resorted to by old gentlemen, who read the papers, talk politics, and drink coffee. In the evening they are crowded by ladies and gentlemen, and refreshments of various kinds are taken; and it is quite common for company to call in after the play to meet their friends, or take refreshments. There is nothing of the kind in any other country of Europe to be compared to those gardens.—*Time's Telescope for 1830.*

THE ADIEU.

Written in 1808, by LORD BYRON, under the impression that he would soon die.

Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.
Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,

Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.
Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years:
Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Southern home?

Home of my sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to these adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view;
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy hall,
Forgets its wonted simple note;
But yet the lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on *Aolian* wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields which surround you rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noon tide heat their pliant root,
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my friend! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,

Can bid life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,

Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,—
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead!

O, Fame! thou goddess of my heart
On him who gains thy praise
Pointless must fall the spectre's dart,
Consumed in glory's blaze;

But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream:

Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes decline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;

Where meet the meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,

Byightly skies, and storms alone;

No mortal eye will deign to steep

With tears the dark sepulchral deep

Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,

Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven;

There must thou soon direct thy flight;

If errors are forgiven.

To bigots and to sects unknown,

Down bow beneath the Almighty's throne;

To Him address thy trembling prayer.

He, who is merciful and just,

Will not reject a child of dust,

Although his meanest care.

Father of light! to Thee I call,

My soul is dark within:

Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,

Avert the death of sin.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,

Who calms't the elemental war,

Whose mantle is thy boundless sky,

My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive:

And, since I soon must cease to live,

Instruct me how to die.

EXPEDITION OF JAMES V. AGAINST THE BORDER THIEVES.

The remarkable expedition of James V., in the year 1529 into the southern Highlands of Scotland, to inflict judicicial punishment on the marauders of these border districts, furnishes various amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the state & society in the sixteenth century. Having very sagacious

as a first step, secured in safe custody the principal chieftains by whom the disorders were privately encouraged, namely, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleugh, and Ker of Fernyherst, James assembled an army, and set out under the pretence of enjoying the pastime of hunting. The track which the King and his retinue pursued led him first through the western part of Peebles-shire, from whence he made a detour to the left, through Ettrick and Ewesdale. It is ascertained, by tradition, that in penetrating the wilds in the upper part of Tweeddale, he felt himself very much at a loss to discover the proper path into the vale of Drummersel. It is supposed that the main body of his attendants was sent up the strath of Manor Water, while he and a few retainers made a stretch westward, through the demesnes of Sir James Tweedie, a thane of considerable power in this quarter at the time, who resided in a strong peel-house, called the Thane's Castle, near Drummersel, and the ruin of which is still extant, on the point of a steep conical rock. Here the chief of the Tweedies used to reside, and domineer over the adjacent region. He was likewise in the habit of exacting a species of court by persons passing his fastness, in much the same way that the petty princes of Africa oblige travellers to wait upon them, either to gratify their love of power or plunders. The King having required a guide through the district of the Tweedies, a poor labouring man of the name of Bartram offered himself, and was accepted. This person assiduously escorted him from near the Rahan to Glenwhapen, through the vale commanded by Tweedie's castle, and so well was James pleased with his attention, that he granted him a freehold property, called Duck-pool, in the parish of Gleisholm. It is somewhat curious that the lineal descendant of this Bartram still possesses a portion of the estate so conferred. In the course of three hundred years it has been much reduced in size, as much from the aggressions of the more powerful lairds as from the necessities of the family. Its dimensions are now to the extent of little more than an acre, yet it acknowledges no superior, and, from the peculiarity of the tenure, pays no tax or assessment.

The Thane of Drummersel having been informed that a stranger, evidently of some note, had passed his mansion without paying the wonted obedience to its lordly owner, or craving his hospitality, pursued the King with sixteen attendants, uniformly arrayed, and mounted on white horses, to Glenwhapen; where, having found the refugee among his friends assembled, he imperiously demanded corporal satisfaction for this ideal affront: whereupon the King discovered himself, brought the proud Sir James on his knees for pardon, which, it is mentioned, was more readily granted by the King than forgiven by the Thane.

The King having shortly fallen in with his troops, proceeded onward to the tower of Henderland, standing near the mouth of the river Megget, which falls into the pretty little lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. This fastness was the habitation of a person of the name of Piers Cokburne, who was noted for the great extent of his depredations. Not having been made aware of the approach of royalty, or the purposes of such an expedition, he and his family were encompassed and seized unawares. Tradition tells that they were sitting at dinner when their gate was surprised. James's impetuous temper seems to have dictated that execution should follow rapidly on trial and condemnation, or rather upon accusation. Cokburne's wife and family were glad to be permitted to make their escape in opposite directions. The freebooter was himself instantly pinioned, and hanged over the gate of his own tower. While the execution was going forward, the unhappy wife of Cokburne took refuge in the recesses of the rocky bed of Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the castle. Here she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence. By the ballad of "The Border Widow," which is supposed to apply to this incident, it appears that she ventured out after the deed was perpetrated, and took charge of the corpse. The words she is understood to utter are very affecting:—

"I saw'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alone;
I watched his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.
I took his body on my back,
And while I gied and while I sate;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sic green."

After the execution of Cokburne of Henderland, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise in a similar manner Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains, which separates the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the King's Road, and seems to have been the route which he followed. Tushielaw was a tower, or peel-house, now in ruins, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick. Here the samefeat was performed. It is understood that other executions followed this, but of these none was of so bold a character as the killing of the famous Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie.

Johnnie Armstrong is a noted person both in history and tradition. He appears to have been a border depredator on a singularly magnificent scale. His tower is still extant. It occupies a pleasant situation among the bewildering beauties of Eakdale, in the south-eastern part of Dumfriesshire, and within an hour's ride of the Cumberland side of the border. It is of considerable extent and space, though now only serving in the capacity of a cow-house to the neighbouring farmer. There is now reason to believe that Johnnie, the proprietor of this castle, and the head of a potent clan of Armstrongs, was not ignorant of the exterminating principles which actuated the king. It is rather evident that he had determined on braving it out before "his grace." As the sovereign proceeded down the vale of the Ewes towards Langholm, the freebooter presented himself before him with "a gallant compagnie" of thirty-six well-mounted Elliots and Armstrongs, arrayed in all the pomp of border chivalry. The spot at which the meeting took

place was at Carlinrigg Chapel, ten miles south of Hawick. It turned out that Johnnie had entirely miscalculated on the effect likely to be produced by the imposing appearance of his train. The King was incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, and commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying, "What wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a King?" On this John Armstrong made earnest entreaty for his life, offering, at first poll, four and twenty milk-white steeds, and afterwards increasing his ransom in amount to twenty-four "ganging mills," with as much "gude red wheit" as would keep him in grinding for a whole year; but all was of no avail. He, as a last shift, offered to maintain himself with fifty men, ready to serve the King at a moment's notice, at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject, as, indeed, had never been his practice; and undertaking, that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree, duke, earl, lord, or baron, but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the King, dead or alive. But the King would listen to no offer, however great, whereupon John broke out into a fume of proud indignation, and, as the ballad has it, exclaimed,

"To seek hot water aneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie;

I have asked grace at a graceless face,

But there is none for my men and me!"

continuing that, had he anticipated such usage, he would have lived on the borders in despite of both King Harry and James, and that the former would downbigh his best horse with gold to know that he had been put to death. No further parley took place. Johnnie and all his retinue were immediately hanged upon some growing trees, near the above-mentioned chapel. They were buried in its deserted church-yards, where their graves are yet shown. The country people, who hold the memory of the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, believe that, to manifest the injustice of their execution, the trees immediately withered away.

CURIOS ANECDOTES OF BIRMINGHAM MANUFACTURERS AND MANUFACTURES.

"Birmingham (says the late Mr William Hutton, in his history of this large and populous town) began with the productions of the anvil, and probably will end with them. The sons of the hammer were once her chief inhabitants; but that great crowd of artists is now lost in a greater. Genius seems to increase with multitude. Part of the riches, extension, and improvement of Birmingham, are owing to the late John Taylor, Esq. who possessed the singular power of perceiving things as they really were. The spring and consequence of action were open to his view. He rose from minute beginnings to shine in the commercial, as Shakespeare did in the poetical, and Newton in the philosophical hemisphere.

To this uncommon genius we owe the gilt button, the jambanned and gilt snuff-boxes, with the numerous race of emblems. From the same fountain issued the painted snuff-box, at which one servant earned three pounds ten shillings per week, by painting them at a farthing each. In his shops were weekly manufactured, buttons to the amount of £300, exclusive of other valuable productions. One of the present nobility, of distinguished taste, examining the works with the master, purchased some of the articles; among others, a toy of eighty guineas value; and while paying for them, observed with smile, "he plainly saw he could not reside in Birmingham for less than two hundred pounds a day." Mr Taylor died in 1775, at the age of sixty-four, after acquiring a fortune of £100,000.

BUCKLES.

Perhaps the shoe, in one form or other, is nearly as ancient as the foot. It originally appeared under the name of sandal; this was no other than a sole without an upper-leather. That fashion has been since inverted, and we have sometimes seen an upper-leather nearly without a sole. But whatever was the cut of the shoe, it always demanded a fastening. Under the house of Plantagenet, the shoe shot horizontally from the foot, like a Dutch skate, to an enormous length; so that the extremity was fastened to the knee sometimes with a silver chain, a silk lace, or even a pack-thread string, rather than avoid *gentle taste*.

This thriving beak drew the attention of the legislature, which determined to prune the exorbitant shoot; for, in 1465, we find an order of council, prohibiting the growth of the shoe-toe beyond two inches, under the penalty of a dreadful curse from the priest—and, what was worse, the payment of twenty shillings to the king.

This fashion, like every other, gave way to time; and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot, which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full blown rose. Ribbons of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were had in esteem; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held the pre-eminence. Under the house of Stuart the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoe-string. The beaux of that age ornamented their lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal. The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather; which last is yet to be met with in the humble plains of rural life.

The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, of liberty, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse bean.

This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing. The fashion of to-day is thrown into the casting o-morrow.

The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size, and shape of geometrical invention. It has passed through every form in Euclid. The large square buckle, plated with silver, was the fad of 1781. The ladies also adopted the reigning taste; it was difficult to discover their beautiful little feet, covered with an enormous shield of buckle; and we wonder to see the active motion under the massive load.

In 1812, the whole generation of fashions, in the buckle line, was extinct; a buckle was not to be found on a female foot, nor upon any foot except that of old age.

GUNS.

King William was once lamenting, "that guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland, at a great expense, and with great difficulty." Sir Richard Newdigate, one of the members for the county, being present, told the King, "that genius resided in Warwickshire, and that he thought his constituents would answer his majesty's wishes." The King was pleased with the remark, and the member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, the pattern was executed with precision, and, when presented to the royal board, gave entire satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated, that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists were so amply rewarded, that they have rolled in their carriages to this day.

It seems that the word "London" marked upon guns is a better passport than the word "Birmingham"; and the Birmingham gun-makers had long been in the habit of marking their goods as being made in London.

In 1813, some of the principal gun-makers of London brought a bill into the House of Commons to oblige every manufacturer of firearms to mark them with his real name and place of abode. The Birmingham gun-makers took the alarm; petitioned the house against the bill, and thirty-two gun-makers instantly subscribed six hundred and fifty pounds to defray the expense of opposing it. They represented that they made the component parts of the London guns, which differed from theirs only in being put together, and marked in the metropolis.

Government authorised the gun-makers of Birmingham to erect a proof-house of their own, with wardens and a proof master; and allowed them to decorate their guns with the ensigns of royalty. All fire-arms manufactured in Birmingham and its vicinity are subjected to the proof required by the Board of Ordnance: the expense is not to exceed one shilling each piece; and the neglect of proving is attended with a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds.

STEEL.

The manufacture of iron, in Birmingham, is ancient beyond research; that of steel is of modern date.

This art appeared at Birmingham in the seventeenth century, and was introduced by the family of Kettle. The name of Steelhouse-lane will convey to posterity the situation of the works; the commercial spirit of Birmingham will convey the produce to the antipodes.

From the warm but dismal climate of this town issues the button which shines on the breast, and the bayonet intended to pierce it; the lancet which bleeds the man, and the rowel the horse; the lock which preserves the beloved bottle, and the screw to uncork it; the needle, equally obedient to the thimble and the pole.

BRASS WORKS.

The manufacture of brass was introduced into Birmingham by the family of Turner about 1740. They erected those works at the south end of Colehills Street; then near two hundred yards beyond the buildings, but now the buildings extend half a mile beyond them.

Under the black clouds which arose from this corpulent tunnel, some of the trades collected their daily supply of brass, but the major part was drawn from the Macclesfield, Cheadle, and Bristol companies.

Brass is an object of some magnitude in the trades of Birmingham; the consumption is said to be a thousand tons per annum. The manufacture of this useful article had long been in the hands of few and opulent men, who, instead of making the humble bow for favours received, acted with despotic sovereignty, established their own laws, chose their customers, directed the price, and governed the market. In 1780 the article rose, either through caprice or necessity, perhaps the former, from seventy-two pounds a ton to eighty-four pounds. The result was, an advance upon the goods manufactured, followed by a number of counter-orders, and a stagnation of business.

In 1781, a person, from affection to the user, or resentment to the maker, perhaps the latter, harangued the public in the weekly papers, censured the arbitrary measures of the brazen sovereigns, showed their dangerous influence over the trades of the town, and the easy manner in which works of our own might be constructed. Good often arises out of evil; this fiery match quickly kindled another furnace in Birmingham. Public meetings were advertised, a committee appointed, and subscriptions opened to fill two hundred shares, of one hundred pounds each, which was deemed a sufficient capital; each proprietor of a share to purchase one ton of brass annually. Works were immediately erected upon the banks of the canal, for the advantage of water carriage, and the whole was conducted with the true spirit of Birmingham freedom.

The old companies, which we may justly consider the directors of a South Sea bubble in miniature, sunk the price from eighty-four pounds to fifty-six pounds. Two inferences arise from this measure; that their profits were once very high, or were now very low; and that, like some former monarchs in the abuse of power, they repented one day too late.

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